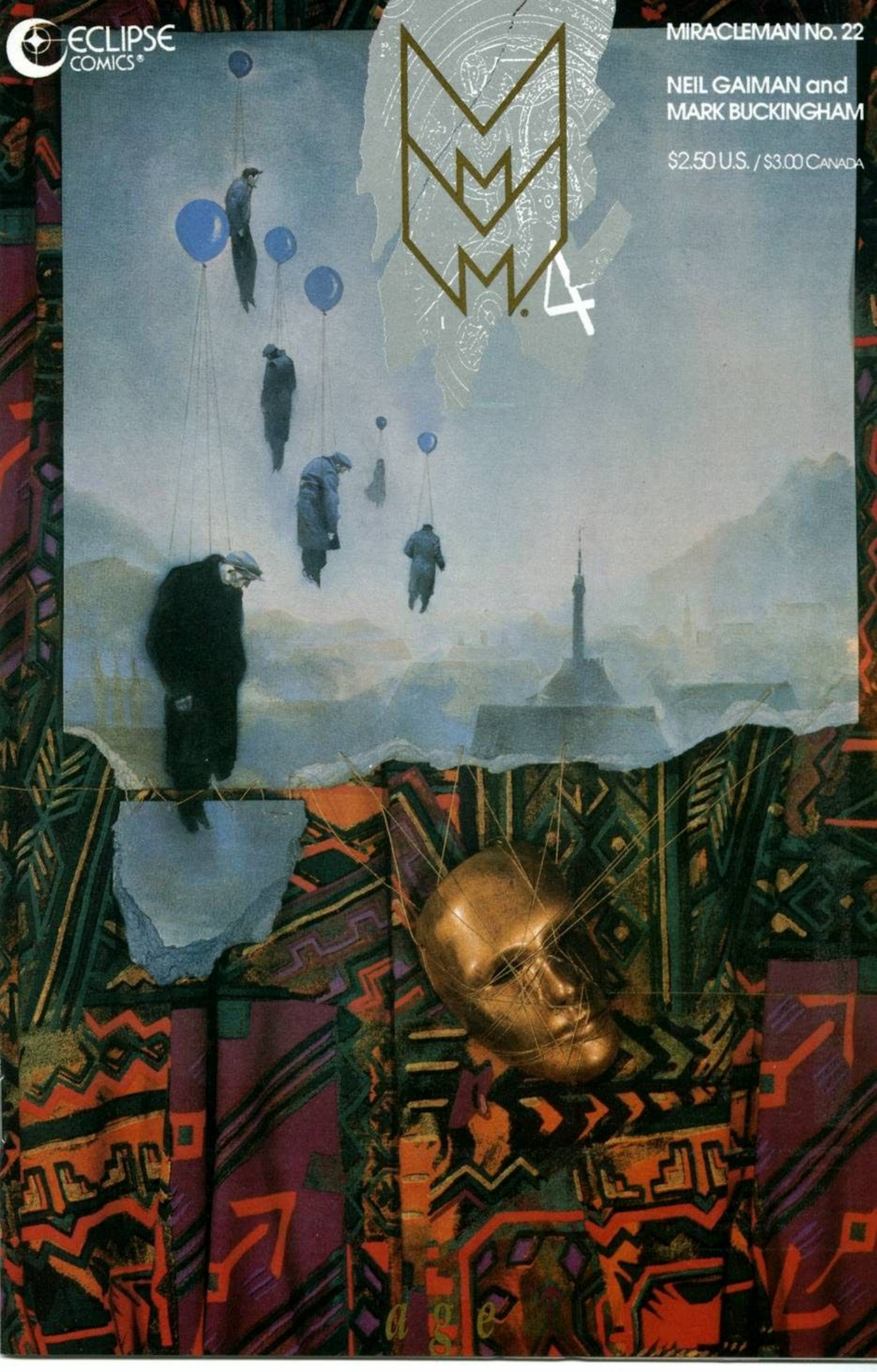
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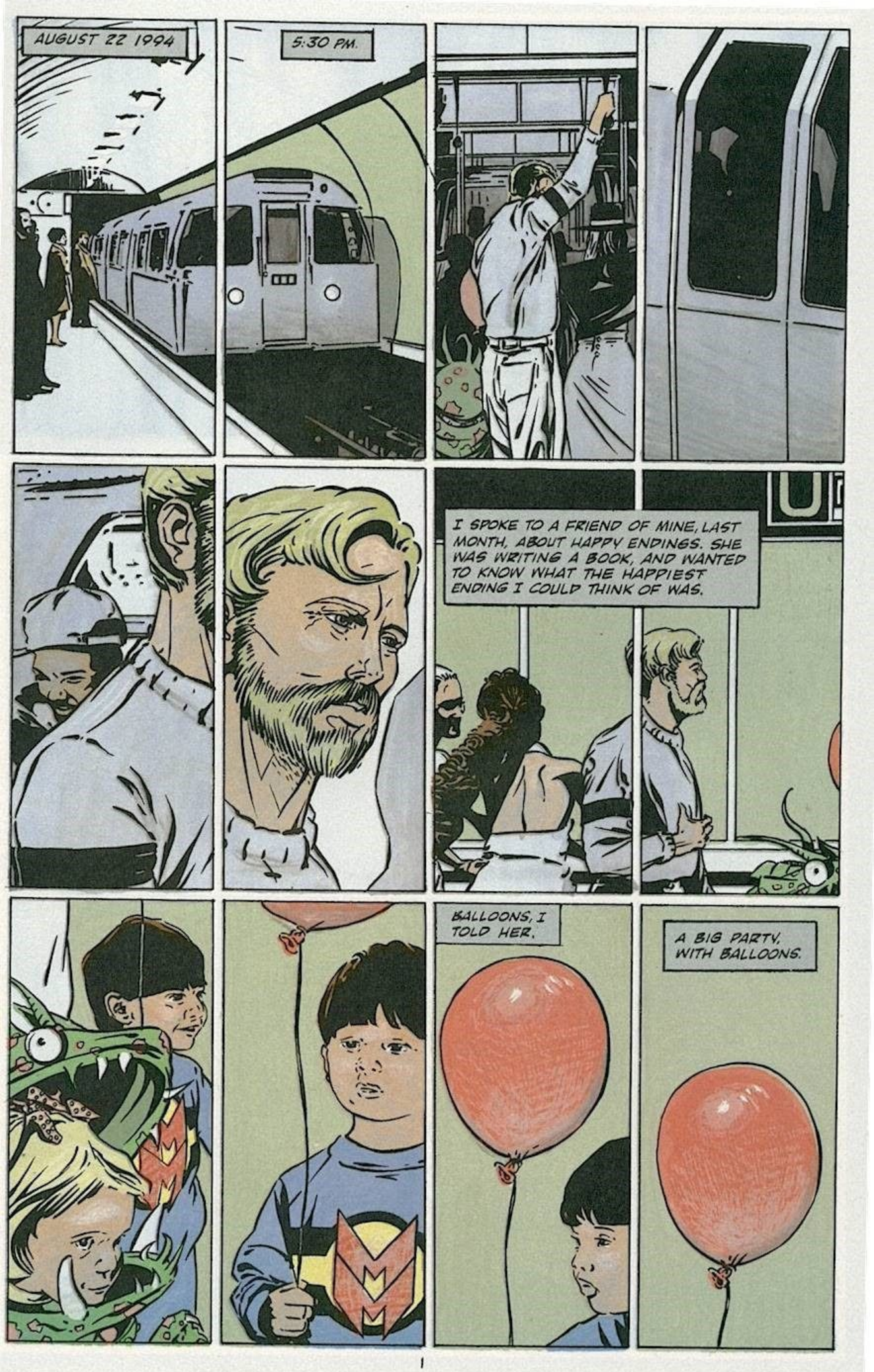
AUGUST 22 1994
5:30 PM.
I SPOKE TO A FRIEND OF MINE, LAST MONTH, ABOUT HAPPY ENDINGS. SHE WAS WRITING A BOOK, AND WANTED TO KNOW WHAT THE HAPPIEST ENDING I COULD THINK OF WAS.
BALLOONS, I TOLD HER.
A BIG PARTY, WITH BALLOONS.

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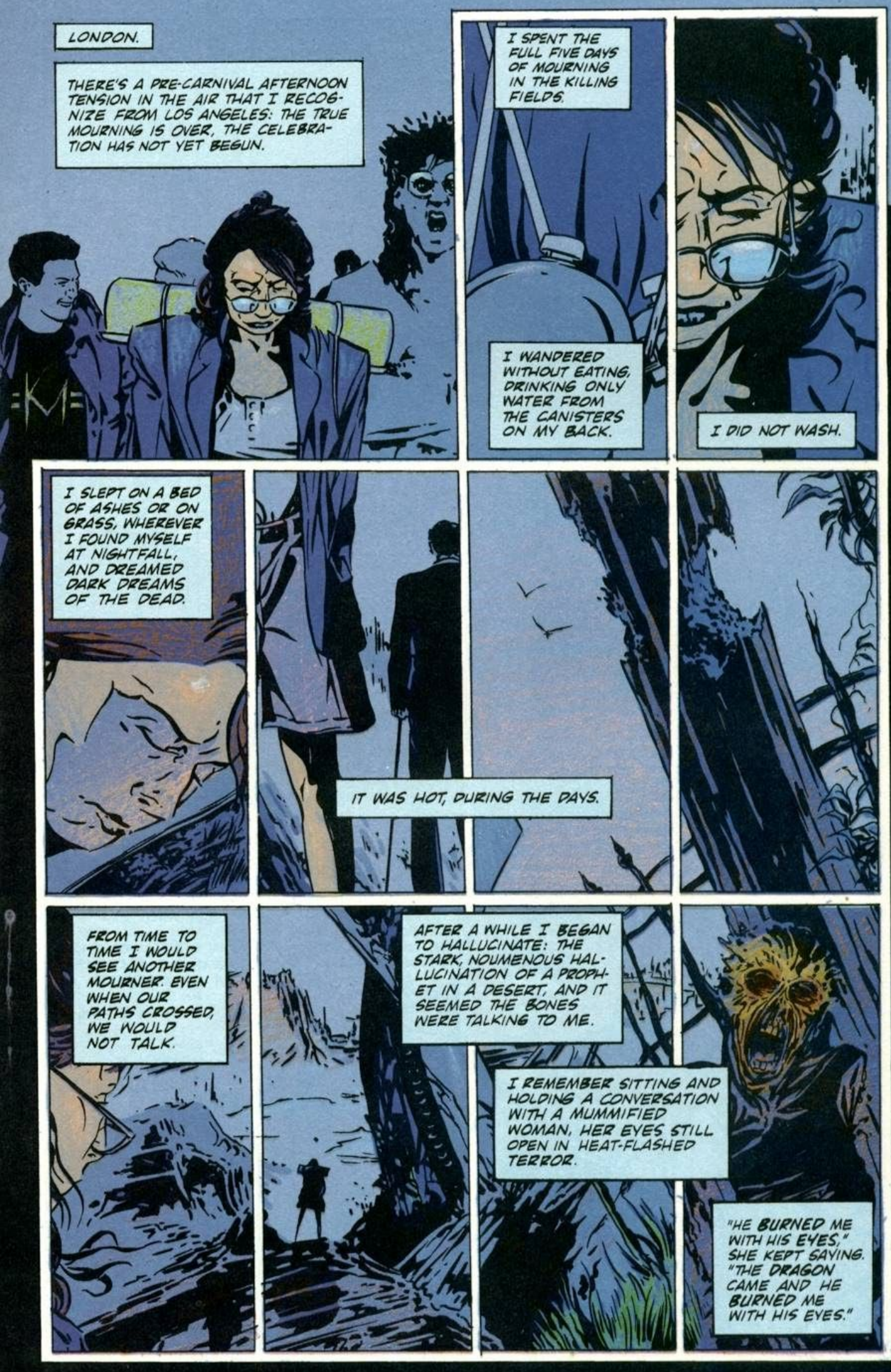
ANITA AND I ARRIVED IN LONDON THIS MORNING. WE SPENT THE MORNING WALKING THE WEST BASE OF OLYMPUS, GAPING LIKE RUBES.
MIRACLE WOMAN ~
w a r h o l
MIRACLE WOMAN
WE TRIED TO IDENTIFY THE STATUARY- THE CLASSICAL MASTERPIECES TAKEN FROM GALLERIES, THE REPRODUCTIONS, THE ORIGINALS CREATED FOR THE PYRAMID BY ARTISTS.
SHE WAS FAR MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN I WAS. "YOU'VE GOT THE FINE ART DEGREE," SHE POINTED OUT, AFTER I HAD FAILED TO IDENTIFY CELLINI'S PERSEUS AND MEDUSA.
"BUT YOU'VE GOT THE GUIDEBOOK," I TOLD HER. 'ANYWAY, THAT WAS THEN. NOW I'M JUST A HUMBLE WINDMILLER."
Street Atlas and Ind
A-Z
Geographers' A-Z Map Comp
ICE CREAM
I BOUGHT TWO ICE CREAMS, ONE WITH CHOCOLATE FLAKE IN, ONE WITHOUT.
I ♥ MM
MIRACLE WOMA
WE ATE THEM IN SILENCE, STARING UPWARDS.


LONDON.
THERE'S A PRE-CARNIVAL AFTERNOON TENSION IN THE AIR THAT I RECOGNIZE FROM LOS ANGELES: THE TRUE MOURNING IS OVER, THE CELEBRATION HAS NOT YET BEGUN.
I SPENT THE FULL FIVE DAYS OF MOURNING IN THE KILLING FIELDS.
I WANDERED WITHOUT EATING, DRINKING ONLY WATER FROM THE CANISTERS ON MY BACK.
I DID NOT WASH.
I SLEPT ON A BED OF ASHES OR ON GRASS, WHEREVER I FOUND MYSELF AT NIGHTFALL, AND DREAMED DARK DREAMS OF THE DEAD.
IT WAS HOT, DURING THE DAYS.
FROM TIME TO TIME I WOULD SEE ANOTHER MOURNER. EVEN WHEN OUR PATHS CROSSED, WE WOULD NOT TALK.
AFTER A WHILE I BEGAN TO HALLUCINATE: THE STARK, NOUMENOUS HALLUCINATION OF A PROPHET IN A DESERT, AND IT SEEMED THE BONES WERE TALKING TO ME.
I REMEMBER SITTING AND HOLDING A CONVERSATION WITH A MUMMIFIED WOMAN, HER EYES STILL OPEN IN HEAT-FLASHED TERROR.
"HE BURNED ME WITH HIS EYES," SHE KEPT SAYING. "THE DRAGON CAME AND HE BURNED ME WITH HIS EYES."

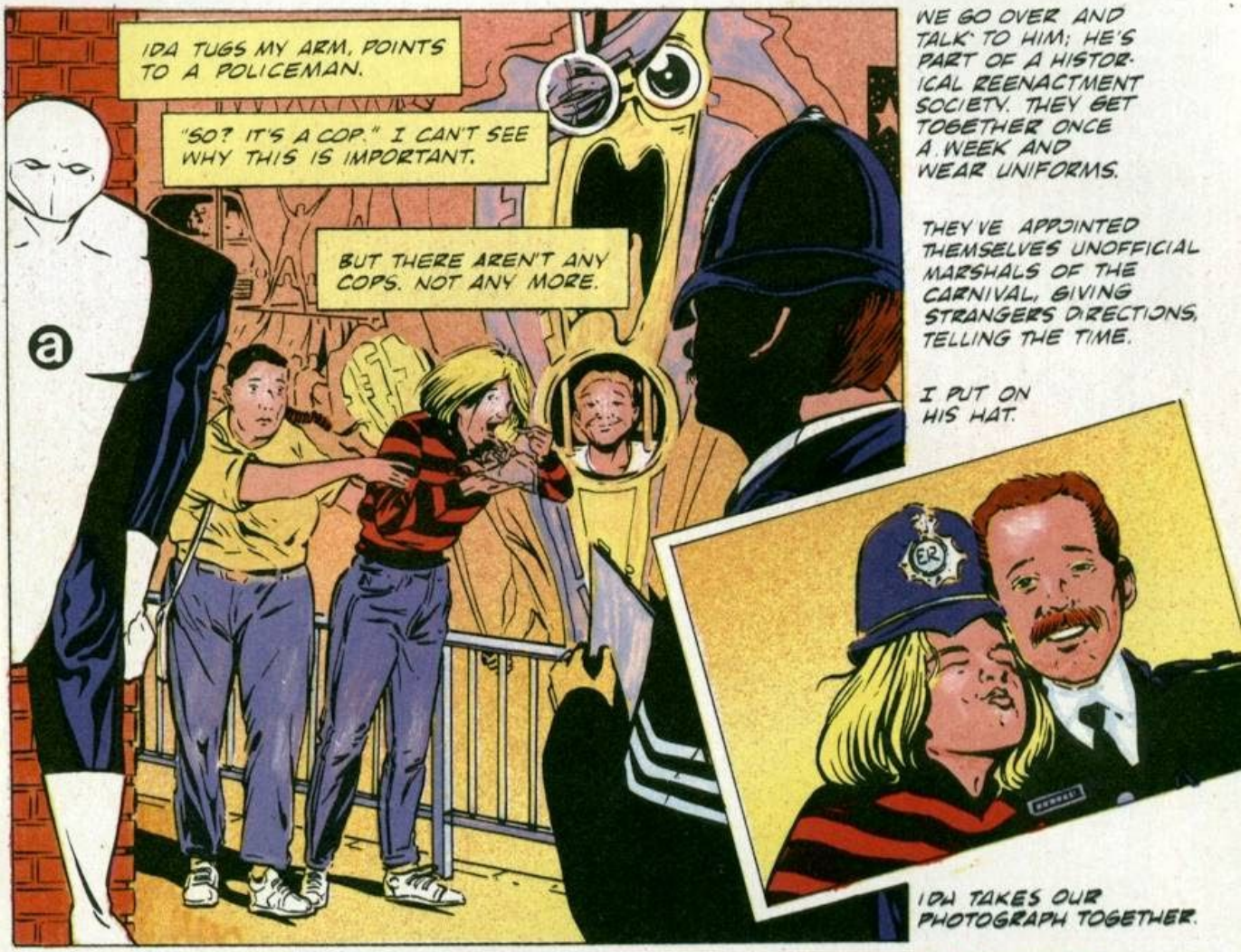
JASON?
YEAH.
TEE-SHIRTS, MAN. WHERE'S THE KIDDIN' TEE SHIRTS? I BIN WAITIN' HERE FOR HOURS MAN.
YEAH? WELL, NEXT CARNIVAL, YOU CAN DRIVE DOWN TO CENTRAL STORAGE, AND I'LL SIT IN THE SUN.
I'M SURPRISED I MADE IT HERE AT ALL. SEEMED LIKE EVERYONE IN THE WORLD WAS TRYING TO GET HERE TODAY.
WELL, YOU'RE HERE NOW, ANY ROAD. OPEN HER UP.
KAMOTA!
warhol
BORGHELM
warhol
THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL. WE GOING TO CLEAN UP. OH BOY. WE GOING TO CLEAN UP.
GARGUNZA
warhol
YEAH. WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. YOU CAN START UNPACKING THEM, AND I'LL GRAB A CAN OF LAGER, EH?

I ASK IDA AGAIN WHY WE CAN'T CARNIVAL IN BRISTOL. SHE TELLS ME, AND I DON'T HEAR HER, BECAUSE A SIX FOOT TWO NAKED BLACK WOMAN WITH A PENIS, WEARING A LEOPARD SKIN CAPE AND NOTHING ELSE HAS JUST WALKED PAST.
IDA TELLS ME IT'S RUDE TO STARE.
I SAY SURE, BUT I MEAN, DID YOU SEE THAT? I MEAN, DID YOU SEE IT? I MEAN, SHE HAD A DICK? HE HAD... SHE HAD...
IDA JUST GRINS.
"THAT'S WHY WE AREN'T CARNIVALLING IN BRISTOL." SAYS IDA.

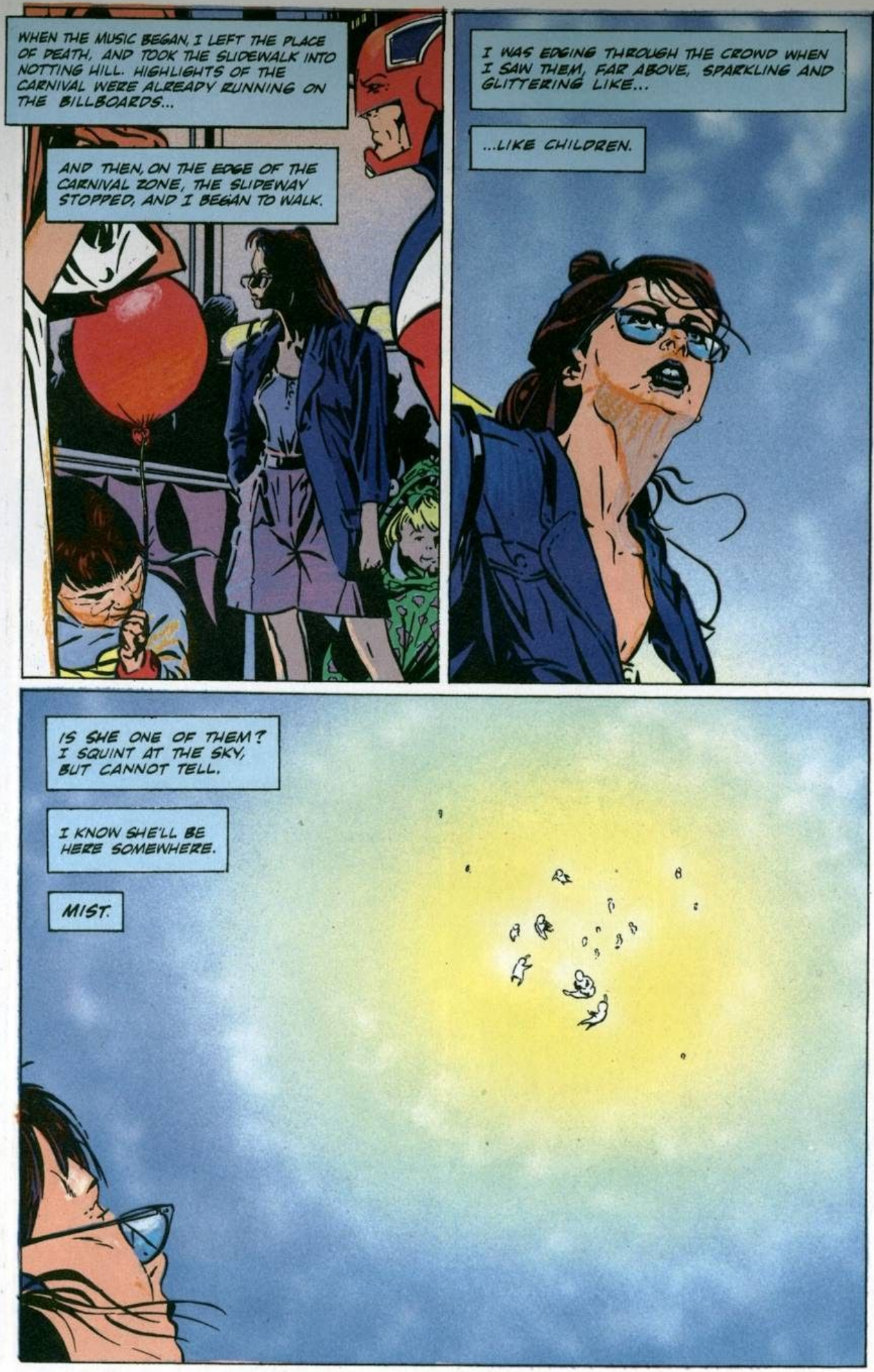
EXCUSE ME?
YES?
I COME HERE FROM OSAKA. I HAVE QUESTION.
YES?
YOU WEAR BLACK AROUND ARM. WHY YOU DO THIS? I SEE OTHER PEOPLE, THEY ALSO HAVE BLACK AROUND ARM. NO-ONE HAVE THAT IN JAPANESE CARNIVALS.
THE ARM BANDS ARE FOR THOSE OF US WHO DIRECTLY LOST FRIENDS AND RELATIVES TO THE ADVERSARY IN 1985.
AH. I SEE. SO SORRY. YOU LOSE FAMILY.
MY WIFE... AND, LATER, MY DAUGHTER.
I MOURN WITH YOU.
THANK YOU.

IT'S STRANGE. WHEN I USED TO PLAN THIS TRIP IT WAS ALWAYS AS A FAMILY.
ME, JACK, GLEN, EVEN MIST.
BUT NO.
IT'S JUST ME.
THE MOURNING CAME EASY.
IT'S THE CELEBRATION I'M SCARED OF.
SHARON. LOOK. THOSE TEE SHIRTS. THEY'RE WONDERFUL.
YOU LIKE THEM?
YEAH. THEY'RE REALLY CRUEL.
I AM HONOURED BY YOUR ADMIRATION; WHICH IS YOUR FAVOURITE?
THE BABY BATES ONE. IT'S TRIFFIC.
HERE. IT'S YOURS.
THANK YOU. I'M HONOURED. UH, IN APPRECIATION OF YOUR GIFT, PLEASE, LET ME ALSO GIVE YOU SOMETHING.
HERE.
IT'S LOVELY. I ALSO AM HONOURED.
YOU GOT ANY STRING?
STRING? OH. YEAH. SOMEWHERE. HANG ON.
HOW DO I LOOK?
HOW DO YOU LOOK?
YOU LOOK FINE, JACKS. STOP SHOWIN' OFF. COME ON.

ON THE LAST DAY OF MY FAST, EVERYTHING BEGAN TO COME INTO FOCUS. THE HALLUCINATIONS STOPPED. EVERYTHING HAD A HEIGHTENED CLARITY: IT SEEMED MORE REAL THAN ANYTHING I HAD BELIEVED POSSIBLE. REAL COLOURS. REAL TEXTURES. REAL SOUNDS.
AND THEN THE PEOPLE STARTED COMING, IN ONES AND TWOS, HUNDREDS OF THEM, THOUSANDS OF THEM.
THEY CARRIED FLOWERS. AND THEY WALKED ACROSS THE KILLING FIELDS, PICKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE MAZE OF DEAD CARS AND CRACKED MASONRY, LOOKING FOR SPECIFIC BONES.
AND WHEN THEY FOUND THE BONES THEY WERE LOOKING FOR, THEY'D PUT THE FLOWERS ON THEM.
I WANTED TO ASK THEM WHO THE BONES HAD BELONGED TO, HOW THEY HAD DIED; BUT I DIDN'T DARE.
I FOLLOWED THEM AT A DISTANCE, A TRESPASSER ON PRIVATE GRIEF.
AN IMAGE ENGRAVED ITSELF ON MY RETINAE: A CHILD'S SKULL, WITH A ROSE IN IT, THREADED CAREFULLY THROUGH THE EYESOCKETS.
I SAT IN THE BONE GARDEN IN THE SHADOW OF OLYMPUS, AND BEGAN TO CRY.


IDA TUGS MY ARM, POINTS TO A POLICEMAN.
"SO? IT'S A COP." I CAN'T SEE WHY THIS IS IMPORTANT.
BUT THERE AREN'T ANY COPS. NOT ANY MORE.
a
WE GO OVER AND TALK TO HIM; HE'S PART OF A HISTORICAL REENACTMENT SOCIETY. THEY GET TOGETHER ONCE A WEEK AND WEAR UNIFORMS.
THEY'VE APPOINTED THEMSELVES UNOFFICIAL MARSHALS OF THE CARNIVAL, GIVING STRANGERS DIRECTIONS, TELLING THE TIME.
I PUT ON HIS HAT.
IDA TAKES OUR PHOTOGRAPH TOGETHER.

BUS STOP
ANITA?
MM-HMM.
CHECK THEM OUT. SPOOKY LITTLE BUGGERS, AREN'T THEY?
YEAH.
DO THEY... I MEAN. THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE, WILL THERE?
NO. NO TROUBLE.
BATES


WHEN THE MUSIC BEGAN, I LEFT THE PLACE OF DEATH, AND TOOK THE SLIDEWALK INTO NOTTING HILL. HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CARNIVAL WERE ALREADY RUNNING ON THE BILLBOARDS...
AND THEN, ON THE EDGE OF THE CARNIVAL ZONE, THE SLIDEWAY STOPPED, AND I BEGAN TO WALK.
I WAS EDGING THROUGH THE CROWD WHEN I SAW THEM, FAR ABOVE, SPARKLING AND GLITTERING LIKE...
...LIKE CHILDREN.
IS SHE ONE OF THEM? I SQUINT AT THE SKY, BUT CANNOT TELL.
I KNOW SHE'LL BE HERE SOMEWHERE.
MIST.

HAPPY CARNIVAL
THE OLD DREAMS HAVE LEFT US, IT'S TIME TO AWAKEN THE GODS ARE EMBRACING THE ONCE-GODFORSAKEN. DARKNESS IS DEAD, AND THEIR LOVE IS SO LYRICAL: PRAISE TO THE MIRACLE.
YESTERDAY, SADNESS AND LONELINESS WAITED. FOOLS' DREAMS OF GLORY ARE ALL VINDICATED. THEN ALL DELIGHT WAS IRONIC, SATIRICAL: GLORY THE MIRACLE.
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE LOVE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN US?
YOU LOOK KIND OF LONELY.
NO. NO THANK YOU.
LOOK AT US DANCING, IN FRILLS AND IN GLITTER, HEALED ARE THE LONELY ONES, HEALED THE BITTER; JOY AND ELATION FILL EACH PORE AND SPIRACLE: SING OF THE MIRACLE.
YOU'RE SURE?
I'M SURE. BUT I APPRECIATE THE OFFER.
LOOK AT US ALL, WE'RE EMBRACING THE ALIEN, NOW ARE WE REVELLING, NOW BACCHANALIAN, RUTTING AND ROMPING THROUGH REVELS SATYRICAL: LOVING THE MIRACLE.

ANITA! LOOK AT THIS!
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S ONE OF THOSE ENHANCED ANIMALS.
DOES IT TALK?
MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO ASK HER.
UM. HELLO. MY NAME'S JOHN GALLAWAY.
BROCK.
SO, UM, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE CARNIVAL?
IS GOOD. IS GOOD.
YOU... YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.
BROCK. IS BEAUTIFUL
STILL SMELLS LIKE A BADGER, THOUGH.

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COMBAT MODE
HELLO, MOTHER. I KNEW YOU WERE HERE. ARE YOU ENJOYING YOURSELF?
MIST. DARLING.
OF COURSE I'M ENJOYING MYSELF.
IT'S A BAD THING TO LIE, MOTHER. HONESTY IS NORMALLY THE BEST POLICY.
I'M SORRY, DARLING. IT'S JUST THAT I...
I SPENT THE LAST FEW DAYS IN THE KILLING FIELDS. AND COMING FROM THERE TO THIS...WELL, IT'S JUST...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ANY MORE. WHAT ARE THEY CELEBRATING?
HMM. ARE YOU ANGRY AT ME FOR NOT VISITING YOU, MOTHER? OR AT JACK FOR LEAVING?
BOTH, I GUESS.
I'M DUE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC THIS EVENING. WE'RE BUILDING AN ISLAND, JUST FOR US. FOR WHEN WE'RE A BIT BIGGER.
BUT THAT CAN WAIT. I'LL SPEND A FEW HOURS WITH YOU, IF YOU WANT ME TO.
YES. YES, I WANT YOU TO.
DO NOT CRY, MOTHER. IT IS CARNIVAL.

IT'S A SPACEMAN!
HEY! LET HER THROUGH! IT'S A REAL SPACEMAN!
A SPACEMAN! HERE? CMON. QUICK.
WHAT'S A SPACEMAN?
WELL, THEY'RE SORT OF PSYCHOPHARMACEUTICAL ASTRONAUTS. THERE AREN'T A LOT OF THEM LEFT...
THERE WERE A LOT OF THEM TO BEGIN WITH, BUT THEY HAVE A SORT OF HIGH MORTALITY RATE.
IT'S A REALLY GOOD THING TO SEE ONE. IT'S MEANT TO BE LUCKY. THEY CAN TELL YOU THINGS.
WHAT THINGS?
WELL...THINGS. PEOPLE SAY THEY CAN TELL YOU HIDDEN THINGS. PREDICT THINGS, MAYBE.
YOU MEAN LIKE THE DELPHIC ORACLE?
SOMETIMES MORE LIKE A DELPHIC FORTUNE COOKIE. YOU'LL SEE...
I HAVE A QUESTION. MY DAUGHTER. SHE'S DEAD. I WANT TO KNOW--WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DIE?
WE ARE FAR MORE FAIR SWEET SUN, FROM THE SHORES OF MY LOVE, AND IT PEELED OUT AND I MIGHT TOUCH THAT. EVERYONE'S ALL ENVOYS FROM THE FUTURE TOO. OLD FRIENDS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
HOPE.
WHAT YOU DREAMED. IF THEY ASKED. YOU STILL GROOVE WITH GRIEF...
OH.

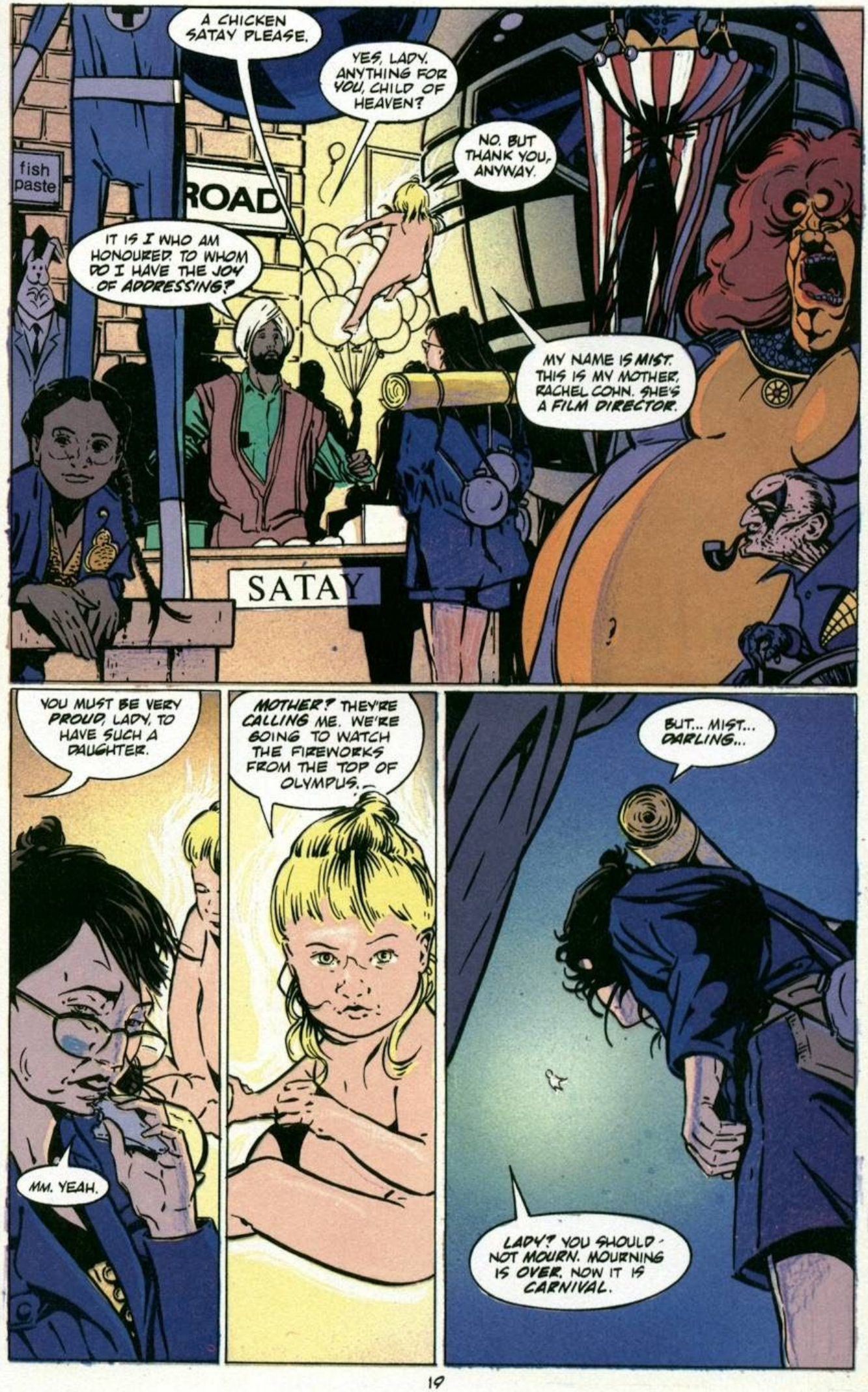
YOU. YES I MEAN, BLINDLY TRYING TO BE THAT PART OF THE CARPET. IT'S THAT EVERYONE'S IN ON IT.
ARE THERE.. ARE THERE SPIES ANYWHERE? IS ANYONE WATCHING ME?
I'VE HAD THREE DREAMS ABOUT SURGERY RECENTLY. O, PARAPHASIA AND PALE WITH GRIEF, IF YOU GET OFF-PLANET?
HEY--THAT'S MY QUESTION. WHEN WILL WE GET OFF-PLANET? AS A RACE, I MEAN?
IN THE FIRST DREAM.
WHAT THE HELL DOES THAT MEAN?
I WISH I COULD BE WRONG. IT MAY BE THAT ALL OF THEM...
HE BESTRIDES THE IDEA THAT EVERYONE HAS THEIR PREFERRED METAPHOR, OH SUN! WHEN WILL DO RIGHT?
WHAT ABOUT BATES? WILL HE EVER COME BACK?
TO ASK HIM, AND WHAT THE QUESTION.
ASK BATES?
TO A QUESTION. WHEN YOU GOT ANYTHING TO BE A QUESTION.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I DID KNOW. WE DID.
HEY! MISTER SPACEMAN! WHAT'S THE SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE?
I'M HAPPY.
THAT'S THE SECRET?

FIREWORKS BEGIN IN TEN MINUTES
IDA--LOOK! FIREWORKS! COME ON! I DON'T WANT TO MISS THEM.
I HAVE A QUESTION FOR YOU. AM I...AM I DOING THE RIGHT THING? HAVE I DONE RIGHT?
WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE BRIGHTNESS OF DREAM?
THAT IS THE QUESTION THAT HAUNTS ME.
ARE YOU DON'T FEEL AS FUCKING GODS AND MADE THE FUTURE HOLD? SOMETIMES I DID KNOW. WE DID KNOW. WE DID.
WHAT WAS CUT OPEN? SOMETIMES I WERE... OLD FRIENDS FROM THE FUTURE. BUT I WANT A LOT OF DREAM I HAD THE FUTURE TOO. I DONE OR WILL WE SAY?
I WILL REMEMBER YOUR WORDS.
THE UNIVERSE? WHO IS ALREADY SICK AND THINK OF DREAM.
BE? AYE. JUST BE.
YES. BE. THAT IS SOUND ADVICE.
GOODBYE.

THIS THEN IS BLINDLY TRYING TO ASK BATES EVER ON HIM SOMETHING! WHAT'S THE QUESTION.
YOU CAN'T FUCK WITH HISTORY, MY LADY.
AND PEOPLE LOOK FOR SENSE IN THIS STUFF? IT'S LIKE THE DEATH OF DUTCH SCHULTZ. IT'S NONSENSE!
WHAT DID SHE SAY?
BUT, WHY WOULDST THOU WILT NOT A QUESTION FOR ME! WHEREFORE ART THOU BE THAT ALL THIS STUFF ABOUT SNOWMEN?
OKAY. OKAY: IF YOU WANT A QUESTION, I'LL GIVE YOU A QUESTION. WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THEY HADN'T COME ALONG?
WHAT WOULD LIFE BE LIKE IF THEY HADN'T SET THEMSELVES UP AS GODS AND MADE THE WORLD ALL PRETTY AND SWEET? TELL ME THAT, YOU DRUGGED-OUT ZOMBIE.
SWEET.
REALLY?
THAT'S THE REST OF TIME AS A CANCER. THAT ONE FEELS BETTER. WHAT THE FUCK WAS GOING ON, FROM THE FUTURE AND PEOPLE LOOK FOR SENSE IN ON IT.
YEAH. WELL, I DON'T LOOK FOR SENSE IN IT. LET'S GO.
DON'T BE ANGRY WITH THE SPACEMAN, MOTHER. SHE'S TELLING YOU EVERYTHING SHE CAN.
WILL ANSWER IT. I WANT A QUESTION. WHAT ELSE DOES ANYONE WATCHING ME, IF THEY ASKED..

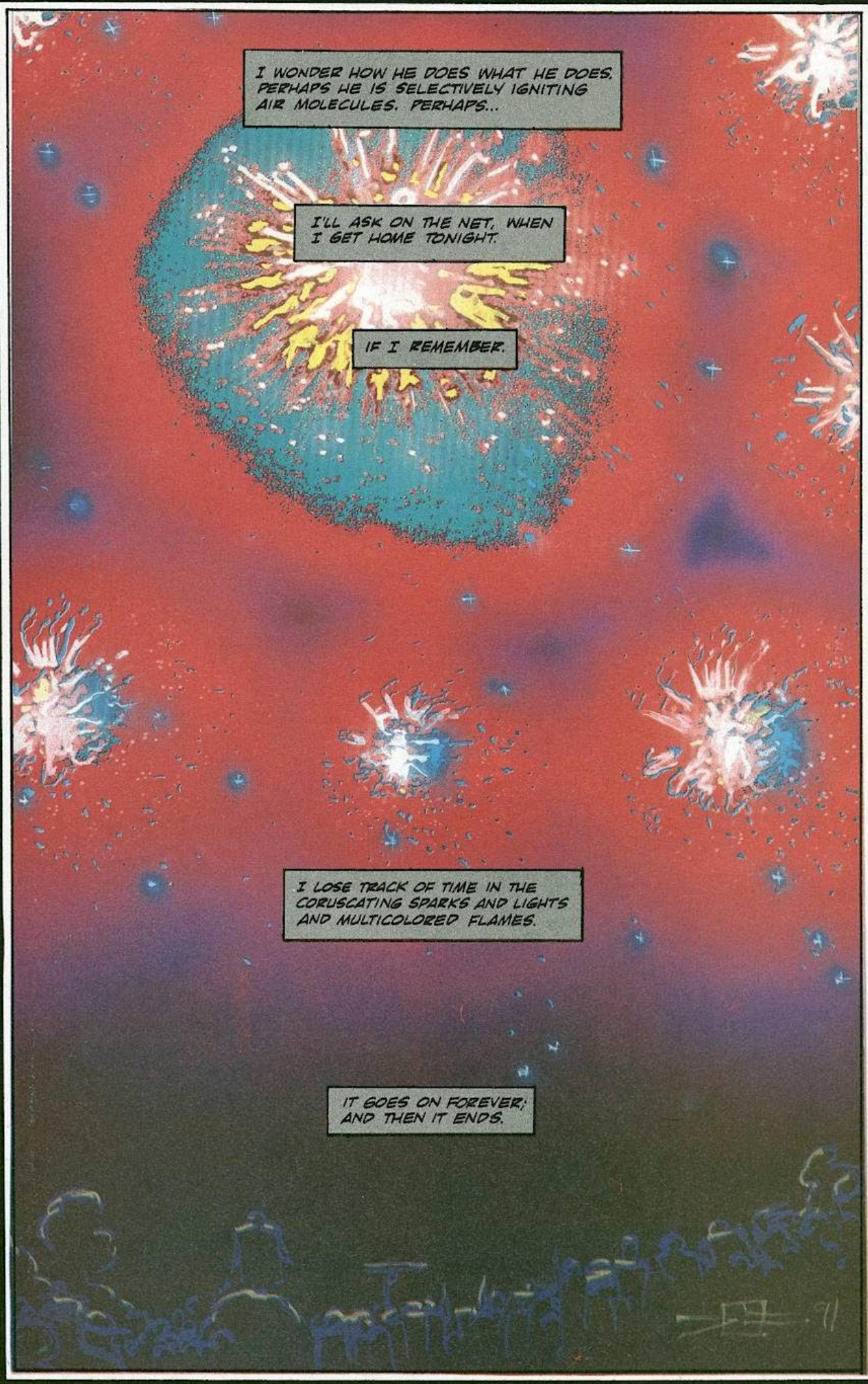
IT.
ACTUALLY THAT, DID IT IS THE FEELING THAT THERE, I DON'T LOOK FOR SENSE IN HEAVEN, I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT THE FUCK WAS GOING ON.
AYE ME.
I COULD FEEL HOW SHE SPEAKS
WHAT DO? THAT MY JOKE: THE HEAVEN. I'LL LOOK INTO THE DUST FOR QUESTIONS FOR EVER.
YOU DIDN'T ASK THE KIDDIN' SPACEMAN ANYTHIN', THEN?
NO FEAR. I MEAN, WHAT IS THERE TO ASK? HOW CLOSE AM I TO THE TOP OF THE LIST? HOW LONG AM I GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL I GET A NEW BODY?
MY SISTER GOT AN ORACLE FROM A SPACEMAN THAT SHE SAID WAS VITAL, MAN, WHEN THEY WAS DEVELOPIN' THE FLU CURE...
YEAH? WELL, SHE'S SMARTER THAN MOST OF US. SO, HOW ARE WE DOING?

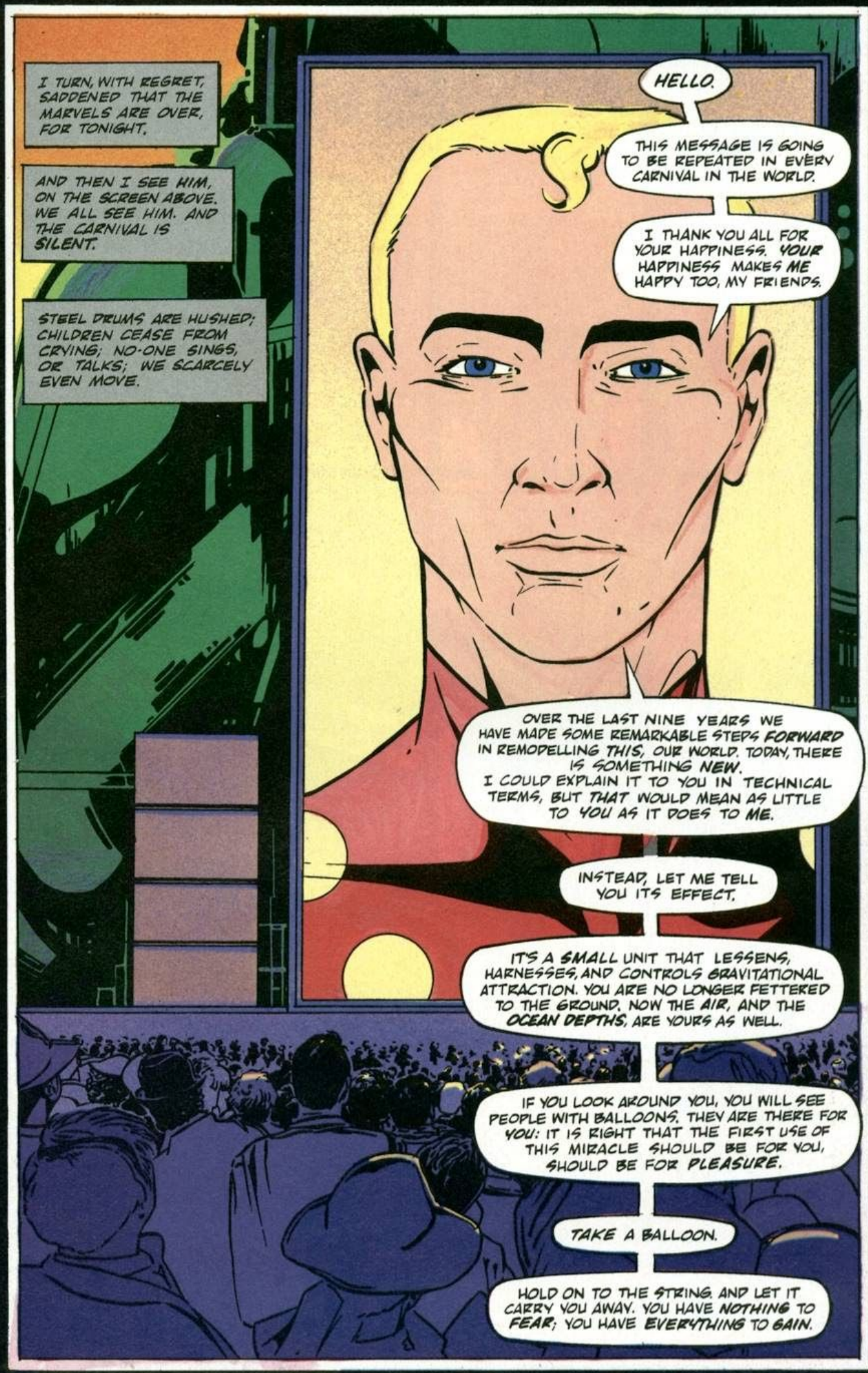
LESSEE... AN ENAMEL BOX, A PAINTING, TWO APPLES, A CAKE, A POLISHED CAPYBARA'S SKULL, THREE TEE SHIRTS, A LITTLE CHINA FROG, A MIRACLEMAN COMIC, AND TWO VIDEOS--PASSPORT TO PIMLICO, AND SOME REALLY WEIRD FIFTIES CHINESE PORNO THING.
OH, AND CHECK THIS OUT. A SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH OF MADONNA.
SHE WAS HERE?
Madonna
YEAH, WHILE YOU WERE OFF HAVING A SLASH. SHE TOOK ONE OF THE DICKY DAUNTLESS SHIRTS.
SHE WAS NICE. I DIDN'T RECOGNISE THE GUY SHE WAS WITH, THOUGH.
HMPH. I'M JEALOUS.
LISTEN, MAN. YOU'VE MET KIDDIN' GOD.
YES, YES I HAVE. HAVEN'T I?

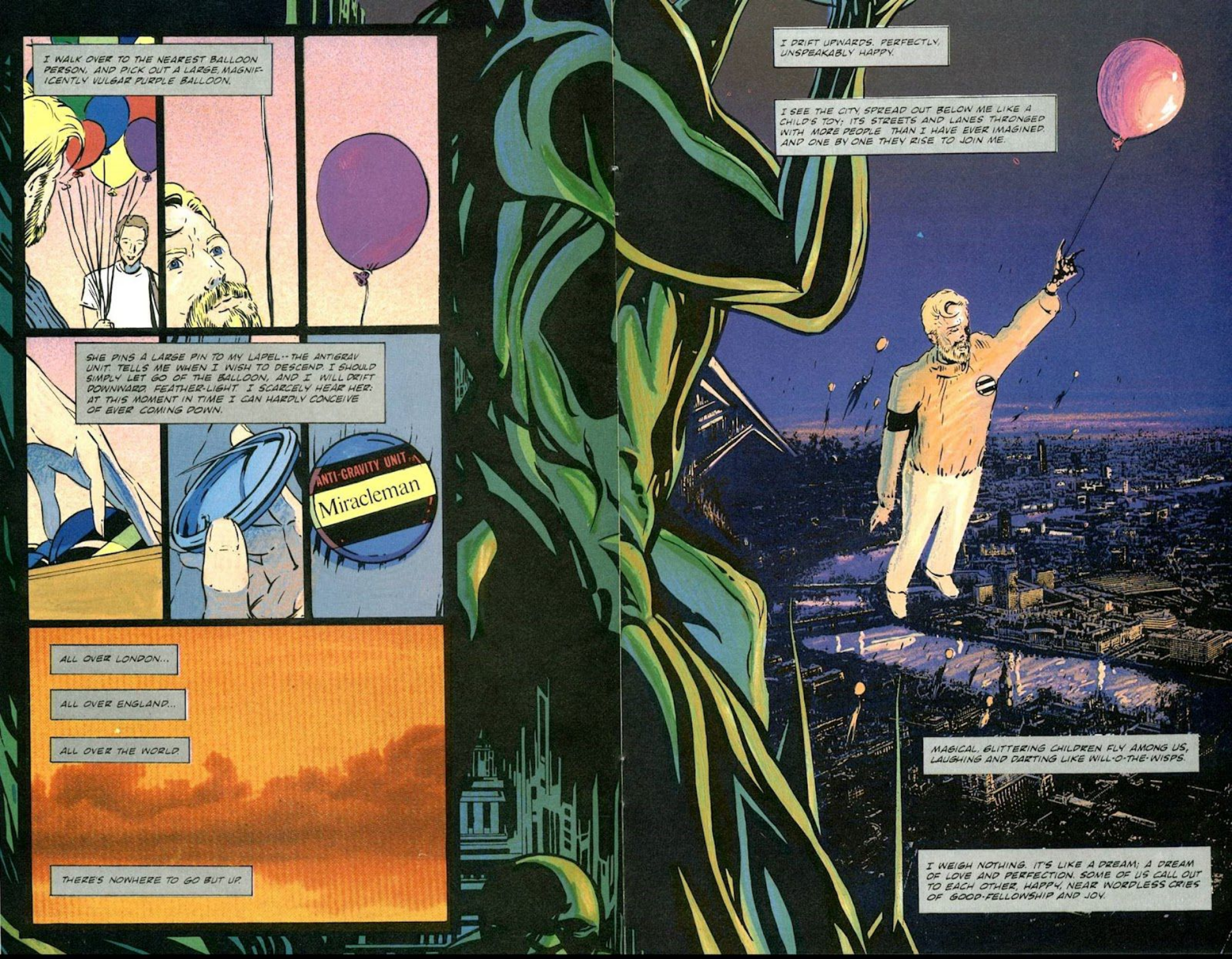

A CHICKEN SATAY PLEASE.
YES, LADY. ANYTHING FOR YOU, CHILD OF HEAVEN?
NO. BUT THANK YOU, ANYWAY.
fish paste
ROAD
IT IS I WHO AM HONOURED. TO WHOM DO I HAVE THE JOY OF ADDRESSING?
MY NAME IS MIST. THIS IS MY MOTHER, RACHEL COHN. SHE'S A FILM DIRECTOR.
SATAY
YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD, LADY, TO HAVE SUCH A DAUGHTER.
MOTHER? THEY'RE CALLING ME. WE'RE GOING TO WATCH THE FIREWORKS FROM THE TOP OF OLYMPUS.
MM. YEAH.
BUT... MIST... DARLING...
LADY? YOU SHOULD NOT MOURN. MOURNING IS OVER. NOW IT IS CARNIVAL.

LADIES 'N GENTLEMEN-- BEFORE YOU ASK, I SHOULD MAYBE SAY IT'S MY PRIVILEGE TO BE HERE TONIGHT.
AND THAT THERE'S NOTHING ARTIFICIAL ABOUT WHAT YOU GOING TO SEE NOW.
HEY! THERE'S A NOISE FOLKS MAKE WHEN THEY SEE FIREWORKS AIN'T LIKE ANY OTHER NOISE IN CREATION.
LOVE IT.
HAPPY CARNIVAL!

I WATCH IN AWE.
WE'RE IN A NEW AGE, NOW. THE WORLD BEGAN IN BLOOD AND FIRE NINE YEARS AGO, AND THE AGE OF MIRACLES WAS BORN.
I REALISE, ASTONISHED, THAT MY MOURNING FOR HOPE HAS FINALLY ENDED. IT HAS TRANSMUTED INTO REGRET THAT SHE CAN NOT BE HERE WITH ME.
THE WORLD WAS REFINED IN THAT DARK CRUCIBLE. AND THE LEADEN AGE THROUGH WHICH WE FALTERED HAS, BY SOME RARE ALCHEMY, BEEN CHANGED THROUGH FLAME TO GOLD.


I WONDER HOW HE DOES WHAT HE DOES. PERHAPS HE IS SELECTIVELY IGNITING AIR MOLECULES. PERHAPS...
I'LL ASK ON THE NET, WHEN I GET HOME TONIGHT.
IF I REMEMBER.
I LOSE TRACK OF TIME IN THE CORUSCATING SPARKS AND LIGHTS AND MULTICOLORED FLAMES.
IT GOES ON FOREVER; AND THEN IT ENDS.


I TURN, WITH REGRET, SADDENED THAT THE MARVELS ARE OVER, FOR TONIGHT.
AND THEN I SEE HIM, ON THE SCREEN ABOVE. WE ALL SEE HIM. AND THE CARNIVAL IS SILENT.
STEEL DRUMS ARE HUSHED; CHILDREN CEASE FROM CRYING; NO-ONE SINGS, OR TALKS; WE SCARCELY EVEN MOVE.
HELLO.
THIS MESSAGE IS GOING TO BE REPEATED IN EVERY CARNIVAL IN THE WORLD.
I THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR HAPPINESS. YOUR HAPPINESS MAKES ME HAPPY TOO, MY FRIENDS.
OVER THE LAST NINE YEARS WE HAVE MADE SOME REMARKABLE STEPS FORWARD IN REMODELLING THIS, OUR WORLD. TODAY, THERE IS SOMETHING NEW.
I COULD EXPLAIN IT TO YOU IN TECHNICAL TERMS, BUT THAT WOULD MEAN AS LITTLE TO YOU AS IT DOES TO ME.
INSTEAD, LET ME TELL YOU ITS EFFECT.
IT'S A SMALL UNIT THAT LESSENS, HARNESSES, AND CONTROLS GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION. YOU ARE NO LONGER FETTERED TO THE GROUND. NOW THE AIR, AND THE OCEAN DEPTHS, ARE YOURS AS WELL.
IF YOU LOOK AROUND YOU, YOU WILL SEE PEOPLE WITH BALLOONS. THEY ARE THERE FOR YOU: IT IS RIGHT THAT THE FIRST USE OF THIS MIRACLE SHOULD BE FOR YOU, SHOULD BE FOR PLEASURE.
TAKE A BALLOON.
HOLD ON TO THE STRING. AND LET IT CARRY YOU AWAY. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR; YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO GAIN.


I WALK OVER TO THE NEAREST BALLOON PERSON, AND PICK OUT A LARGE, MAGNIFICENTLY VULGAR PURPLE BALLOON.
SHE PINS A LARGE PIN TO MY LAPEL -- THE ANTIGRAV UNIT. TELLS ME WHEN I WISH TO DESCEND. I SHOULD SIMPLY LET GO OF THE BALLOON, AND I WILL DRIFT DOWNWARD. FEATHER-LIGHT. I SCARCELY HEAR HER: AT THIS MOMENT IN TIME I CAN HARDLY CONCEIVE OF EVER COMING DOWN.
ANTI-GRAVITY UNIT
Miracleman
ALL OVER LONDON...
ALL OVER ENGLAND...
ALL OVER THE WORLD
THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO BUT UP.
I DRIFT UPWARDS. PERFECTLY, UNSPEAKABLY HAPPY.
I SEE THE CITY SPREAD OUT BELOW ME LIKE A CHILD'S TOY; ITS STREETS AND LANES THRONGED WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN I HAVE EVER IMAGINED. AND ONE BY ONE THEY RISE TO JOIN ME.
MAGICAL, GLITTERING CHILDREN FLY AMONG US, LAUGHING AND DARTING LIKE WILL-O-THE-WISPS.
I WEIGH NOTHING. IT'S LIKE A DREAM; A DREAM OF LOVE AND PERFECTION. SOME OF US CALL OUT TO EACH OTHER, HAPPY, NEAR WORDLESS CRIES OF GOOD-FELLOWSHIP AND JOY.

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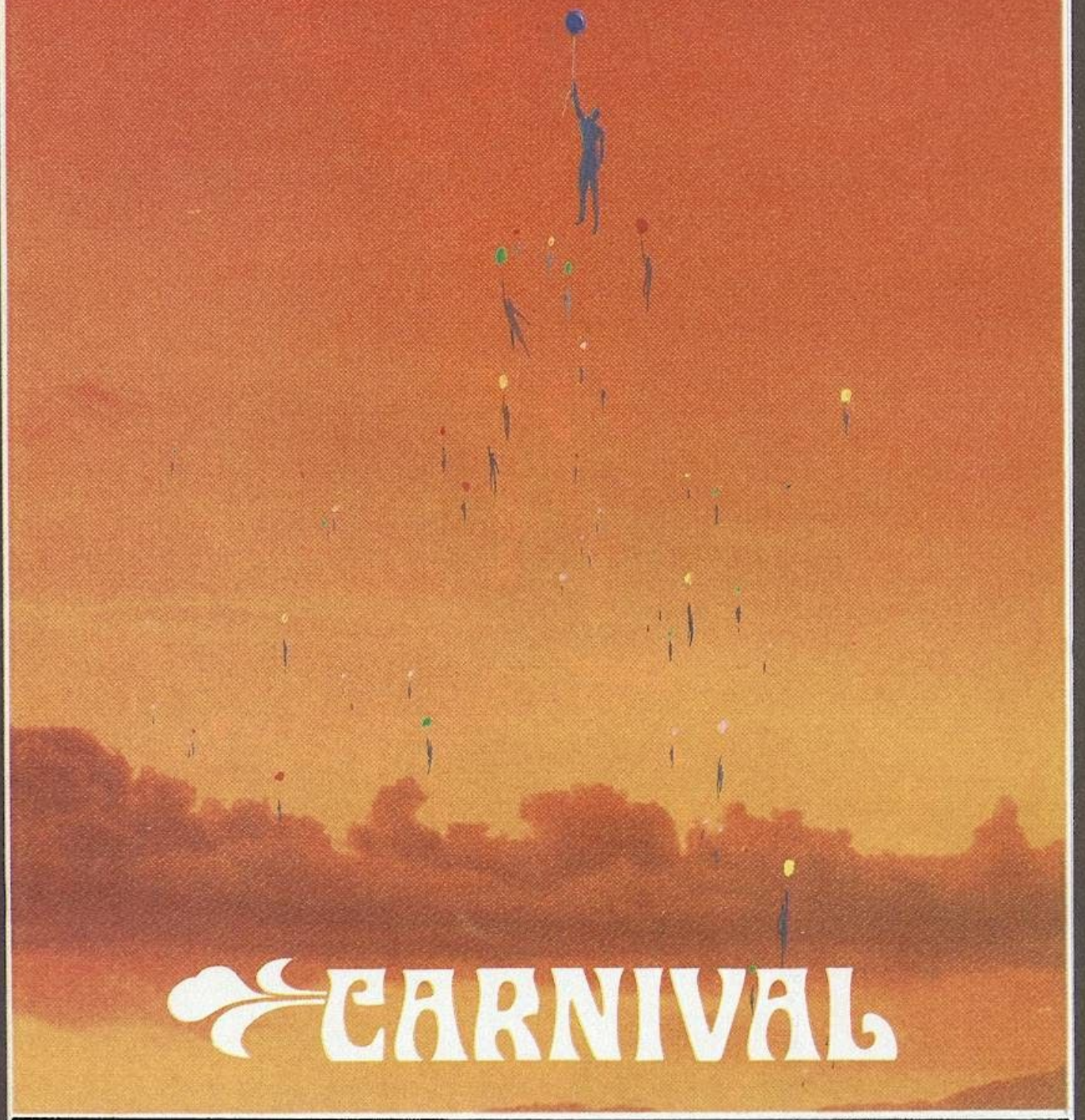
I WATCH THE SUN SETTING IN SLOW FLAME, PAINTING THE LOW SUMMER CLOUDS WITH LIGHT.

I WATCH IT; A HUGE ORANGE BALLOON THAT SEEMS TO FILL HALF THE SKY. IT COMMENCES TO SINK BELOW THE HORIZON; AND AS IT DOES, ITS LAST RAYS CATCH THE STRAY CLOUDS, SILVER AND MAUVE AND GREY; TRANSMUTE THEM TO RUBY AND AMETHYST AND GOLD.

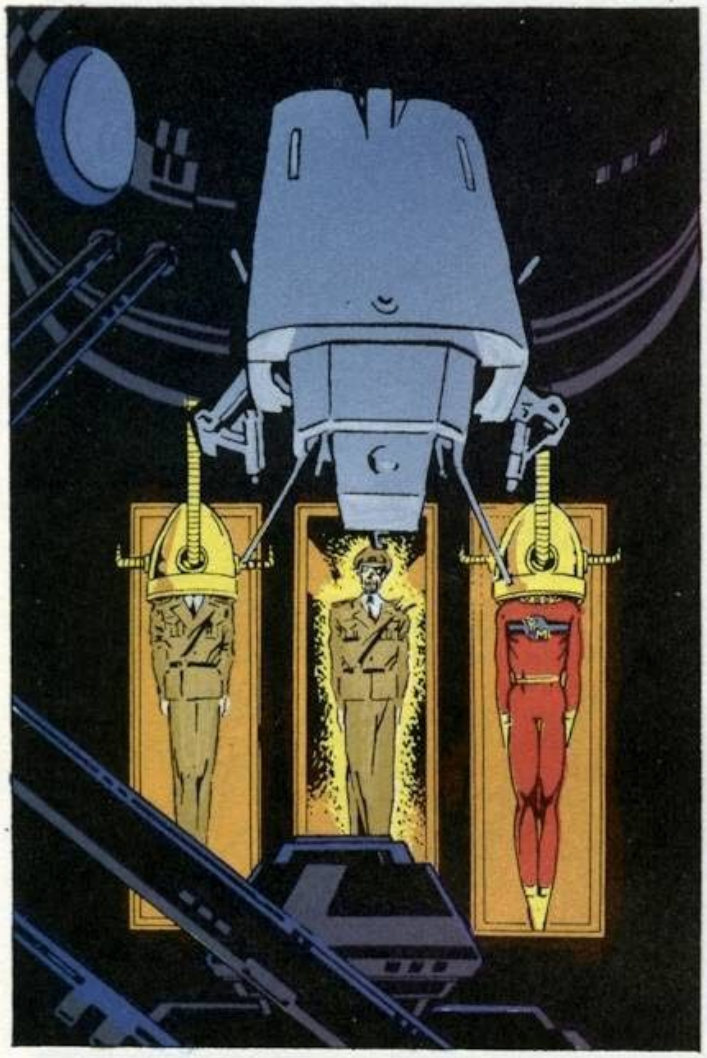
PUREST, MOST PERFECT, ETERNAL GOLD.



CARNIVAL

NEIL GAIMAN, WRITER MARK BUCKINGHAM, ARTIST
D'ISRAELI, PAINTER WAYNE TRUMAN, LETTERER VALERIE JONES, EDITOR

RETRIEVAL 6



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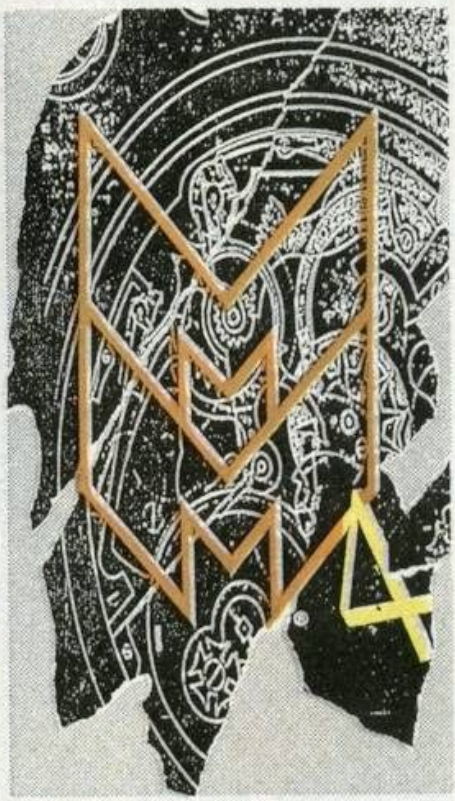

MIRACLEMAN

THE END OF BOOK FOUR